

touch. Few warriors have ever been less
 'happy'; they do
 not laugh like the heroes of Homer or
 those of the
Chanson de Roland, whose Emperor bears a
 sword 'Joiuse'
 (Joyeuse), whose war-cry is 'Monjoie', and
 their country
 'la douce Prance'. These Teutons would
 have been as-
 tonished to hear that gaiety was a virtue.
 It was a toy
 they had long learned to go without—like
 their 'Sea-
 farer':

All the glee I got me was the gannet's screaming,
 And the swoughing of the seal, 'stead of the mirth
 of men*

Even the cuckoo in their gloomy ears
 becomes 'the sad
 cuckoo'. The blue devil of the English
 Sunday, who
 can even now muster more than two
 hundred faithful
 in the House of Commons to defend his
 abominations,
 first floated in some dank sea-fog across
 the German
 Ocean on the galleys of those grim rovers
 from Schleswig,
 nearly fifteen hundred years ago.

They were more remarkable, it must be
 added, for
 melancholy than intelligence. Nations are
 seldom fair to
 one another, but there seems no great
 injustice in the old
 Irish verse:

For acuteness and courage the Greeks,
 For overweening pride the Romans,
 For dulness the creeping Saxons,
 For beauty and amorousness the Gauls.

No doubt there was more in the Saxon than
 mere dulness.
 But when Langland snarls that he who gives
 silver to a
 jester is worse than Judas; when Bunyan
 draws the dark
 outlines of the City of Destruction; when
 Milton, in tones
 so like Caedmon before him, tells of the fall
 of its Prince;

when Cowper groans that he is that City's
eternally doomed
and damned inhabitant; when Carlyle
rediscovers it in
an England where, amongst other
iniquities such *a
pitiful abortion* as Charles Lamb, daring
Hke Langland's
jester to trifle with this serious world, could
be hailed as